

## Plastic Bruises by cosmicdisco (orphan\_account)

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**Genre:** Billy is a Power Bottom, Billy's bottom, Bottom Billy, Established Relationship, I'm gay, Light BDSM, M/M, Nancy knows best, Slap Bracelets, Spank Spanklets, Spanking, Steve is a service top, Top Steve, all lowercase, bc we don't get enough of that!!!, gay shit, it's STYLISTIC ok, let's be honest with ourselves, of some sort

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**Summary:**

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he breaks off into another laugh.

steve practically glows. he loves seeing billy laugh. it’s scary, but,  
like, in a sexy way.

“you want me to get kinky,” steve says, in his best billy voice. “*we can get kinky.*”

## Plastic Bruises

### Author's Note:

This was done initially as a joke request from my roommate/friend in response to a video wherein which Joe was slapping Dacre with slap bracelets and Dacre pretends to like it and he's all "Oh, God. Oh, Jeffrey!" which both made us laugh and made her (us) want a fanfic wherein which Steve slaps Billy with slap bracelets and Billy pretends to like it and really Billy would like something ELSE and of course he asks for it bc I write Billy as a power bottom and he knows what he wants!!! That was a big run-on but hey I hope u all like this! I feel like bottom Steve/spanking Steve has been written at least a few times already so I'm just, y'know, adding to the discourse.

My roommate/friend looked this over (of course) but she was the only one to do that so if it's shit, hey, I never promised you anything better and also it's supposed to be a little funny ok??? And also a little sexy :)))) And a little sweet but mostly the aforementioned things :))))

steve harrington doesn't know how he ended up dating billy hargrove.

well, he knows how, but it's a long story. sometimes he surprises even himself. he's been doing a lot of that lately — somehow, the things he used to care about just don't matter that much anymore. he doesn't really know what he's doing after high school, because now he and nancy are done. it's fine, really. he's almost over it. almost. in a way, letting nancy go was a sort of catharsis for him; nowadays he doesn't care so much about what people think.

with all of that in mind, steve knows the billy thing is a whole different story. he knows that between quiet glances and locker room whispers and that thing billy does with his tongue when he looks at

him — all of that, he can't *not* care what other people think, because, well, steve harrington doesn't exactly have a reputation for being a queer.

yet.

so he keeps the flirting with billy to a minimum and no matter how excited he gets about his fling, his lover, his boyfriend (can he call billy his boyfriend?) — no matter how excited he gets about it, he can't tell too many people. well, anyone, really. but maybe one of these days he'll tell someone. after all, if only they knew the whole story, maybe they wouldn't hate him or call him a faggot. maybe he could tell nancy. after all, they've been getting closer now that steve is finally comfortable seeing her with jonathan. it's like they're best friends, almost, if being a still-kind-of-bitter-and-in-love best friend counts. so maybe he could surprise himself for the millionth time and just—

“OW, *WHATTHEHELL?!*”

steve jerks back in shock, his arm assaulted by what feels like a hard plastic venetian blind. it settles in microseconds, firmly clasped around his wrist. he looks behind him, turns all the way around and there is nancy. she's laughing hysterically, covering her mouth as if she's embarrassed, hunched down, the fabric of her sweater folding at the stomach, her head coming to rest lightly against steve's shoulder as she collapses into him. more than a few students are looking at her from their respective lockers, so she gets a little quieter, her laughter turning into hoarse whispers. she tries to speak, but can't.

steve looks down at his arm and sees a strange strip of plastic attached to his wrist, shiny, pink and tiger-striped, resting exactly where he felt the impact. it didn't hurt as much as it scared the shit out of him, he realizes, a smile creeping across his face as he looks from nancy back to the thing and back to nancy. steve also realizes he has no idea how long he'd been standing at his locker between classes before she approached him.

as if she can read his mind, nancy catches her breath and says, “sorry. you just looked like you were *zoning out*, and i had to—“

“what is this?” steve interrupts, grinning as he pulls the plastic thing off his wrist and pushes it playfully against nancy’s shoulder, hand in a fist like a mock-punch. the thing’s rolled up like one of those noise-makers his mom used to blow at him when he blew out the candles on his birthday cakes (back when she and his old man didn’t spend so much time out of town — but steve doesn’t mind too much).

“do you like it?” nancy smiles that coy smile steve has learned to resent, but he’s unphased, still grinning back. she pries the thing from his fingers. “they call them ‘slap bracelets’ because that’s how you have to put them on.”

demonstrating, she extends a thin wrist (all bone, steve worries) and slaps it on with her other hand.

“cool, right? it’s like...i don’t know, this new thing.” she looks down at the slap bracelet in all its shiny pink tiger-stripe glory.

“so what, did jonathan give that to you now that you’re going with him? is this like the new promise ring?” there’s no bite to the comment. steve is still smiling, warm brown eyes transfixed on nancy’s ocean-blues.

nancy knows instinctively where steve’s intentions are, but she still purses her mouth cutely and maintains eye contact, looking up at him with those big eyes, framed with thick lashes, dark eyebrows furrowed.

“steve,” she scolds, before breaking into a smile, and then another laugh. “no! i got it from a classmate. it’s just a cool thing, alright? hey, why don’t you take it, maybe *you* need a promise ring more than i do—” laughter bubbles out of her again before steve can hear the rest of it.

“what are you talking about, nance?” steve runs a hand through his soft brown hair and moves his arm to close his locker, but before he gets there, nancy’s stupid bracelet is slapped on him again.

“you can give it to your *boyfriend*,” she chides, eyes glancing playfully behind steve, and steve blushes before he even turns around because he knows who’s there.

billy is sauntering towards him like there's a fucking red carpet underneath him, tonguing the corner of his mouth, eyes like the sky creased in a smile as he realizes steve is watching him.

steve turns all the way around, coolly, his newly-adorned wrist sliding gracefully behind him, hiding the bracelet nancy's placed there.

"if it isn't his highness, king steve," billy says, honoring him with a flick of the wrist and lowering his head in a mocking bow, dirty blonde curls spilling from the nape of his neck to his exposed collarbones. he looks back up at steve with a grin and then winks at nancy, his long, dark eyelashes putting hers to shame (and steve pretends he didn't think that). nancy rolls her eyes.

"i have to get to class," says nancy, patting steve's arm, and steve pretends he isn't even more resentful of the platonic touch. "i'll see you around," she adds sweetly.

before steve is able to respond to her earlier quip or say goodbye or give her back her stupid fucking bracelet, nancy's turning around and walking away, the waves of her hair bouncing as she picks up speed.

almost as if on cue, the bell rings. steve turns back to face billy, his arm still hidden behind his back.

"shall we?" billy looks up. "don't wanna be late for basketball again, do we, harrington?"

"that was *your fault*," steve hisses quietly, slipping the bracelet off and shoving it into his pocket, thankful billy is too busy studying his blushing face to notice.

"sure, harrington," billy takes his bottom lip between his teeth and lets it go again, inching closer, looking around quickly as if to see whether anybody's still looking in their direction. "because *i* pushed *you* up against that wall in the janitor's closet last time."

steve scoffs in disbelief at billy's accusatory tone. "that *was* you, hargrove. *you* did that."

"i know," billy says with an innocent tilt of his head, his one earring swaying with his curls as he turns away from steve sharply, walking

towards the gym and leaving steve flustered, his locker still half open.

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the game is hell. steve struggles to play while billy talks, overcompensating for both masculinity and sexuality as he tries to convince the entire team that he's not watching steve like a predator the whole time. amazingly, the other boys buy it, thinking billy just likes to push steve around and humiliate him as he scores again and again, and steve just has to focus on the game and conceal an ego that has already been decaying over time.

to clarify, he has to focus on the game because if he looks over at billy, he risks further humiliation. he's already sweating and panting, but seeing billy sweat and pant is an entirely different thing. to make matters worse, billy never wears much during practice — just those little fucking green shorts — and as steve moves to steal the ball he feels a spark as his bare skin collides with billy's.

this is what they do. this is the game they play. to neither of them it's particularly believable, but that's because steve and billy already know what they have, and everyone else has lived their whole life in hawkins, indiana, where it's easier to believe that alternate dimensions opened up through tears in space-time and released malevolent hive-mind alien species than to even consider that maybe, just maybe, two boys can get hot for each other during a charge on the gymnasium floor.

“hargrove!” says the coach as steve falls to the ground with a thud and a squeak, feeling the burn of the padded floor on his elbows as he braces himself. “that's a penalty! easy on harrington.”

“sure, coach, i'm awfully sorry about that,” says billy through perfectly raised eyebrows and an apologetic grimace, stopping his dribble to hold the ball and pass it to tommy.

“sure, hargrove. just take it easy next time, alright? class, that’s it for today. let’s wrap it up, go on and get showered and get outta here.” the coach slings a towel around his shouder, walking towards the exit leisurely.

there is a collective shuffle as the boys begin to gather their things.

steve tries to stifle a laugh.

“such a charmer,” he mutters, hoisting himself up with a flat hand pressed to the floor.

suddenly, he’s being pulled up, a warm hand on the juncture of his elbow and upper arm.

“you think this is funny, harrington?” billy says through clenched teeth, breathing through his nose as tommy and his drones laugh a few feet away, grabbing towels and untying their gym shoes on the bleachers.

“a little bit, yeah,” steve says, moving his arm out of billy’s grasp with a sharp tug.

for a second, they lock eyes, billy so close he’s sharing air with steve and all steve can smell is the myriad of their combined scents: the musk of sweat, the musk of cologne. hairspray. that dizzying, overwhelming rush of pheromones that is billy.

then the blonde shoves him away. steve catches his balance, planting his feet.

billy smiles a dazzling smile. he’s certainly got a charm all his own, steve decides. distinctive.

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they take their time in the showers, billy mostly trying to get steve’s attention, as he does. he’s such a child sometimes. steve doesn’t give him the time of day, but he wants to. day and night, it’s all billy’s. steve’s tuning it all out, all the biting remarks and at one point he’s sure that billy’s going to twist a towel and whip it at him, but he doesn’t, he just spends an awfully long amount of time wrapping it

around his hips. steve watches out of his peripheral vision.

it's been long enough now that they're both sure all the boys have left, and billy's still just standing there in the shower, watching steve like that first day. it's a scalding, unflinching gaze and it makes steve nervous but all the same he pulls his briefs and jeans up and meets billy's fucking *smolder* as he tucks himself in, zips, and works on buckling, looking down as he finds the right notch in his belt, looking up again—

billy is standing directly in front of him, running wet hands down his chest, grazing his nipples and moving lower —

“billy, we can't do this here. just wait until we get to my place.”

“mmm, love it when you call me billy.” the blonde mutters breathily, curls dripping moisture down his face, over the hair on his upper lip, over his cupid's bow, into his mouth and down his chin, droplets of shower water in his fucking eyelashes, because of course they'd get stuck there —

and, against steve's wishes, billy's hands disappear into steve's front pockets.

“you're such a fucking tease, babe.”

“love it when you call me babe,” billy chuckles lowly, steps closer, hands reaching further down, and—

“wait—“ —steve tries—

“*what's this?*” billy's laughing now, a sound that echoes off the tile walls as he pulls the thing out and holds it in front of steve's face. “some sort of kinky sex shit? steve harrington, i've gotta say, i'm impressed—“

“—billy,” steve finishes, embarrassed, laughing now too. “it's just this stupid bracelet nancy threw on me. she says they're this new cool thing — here, let me just show you —“

steve takes the bracelet out of billy's hand, pale digits entwining with tanned ones before he promptly mimics what he saw nancy do



earlier, whipping the bracelet so it slaps against billy's wet skin and coils around his wrist. the hot pink plastic is a good look on him, steve thinks as he laughs aloud, watching billy's reaction. he looks perplexed, saying nothing.

"they call 'em 'slap bracelets', i guess," steve offers, running a hand through his wet hair and holding onto the towel around his shoulders.

billy is quiet, unreadable; then a second later he throws his head back, his laugh louder than steve's, breaking the sound barrier in the small locker room for the second time, vibrations of his cackle filling the air.

"*slap bracelets*," he repeats. "sounds like some kinky shit to me—" he breaks off into another laugh.

steve practically glows. he loves seeing billy laugh. it's scary, but, like, in a sexy way.

"you want me to get kinky," steve says, in his best billy voice. "*we can get kinky*." to emphasize his words he breaks the piece of plastic off again and whips it, harder this time, around billy's wrist again. playing along, billy lets out a low moan.

"oh, *steve*," billy tries through closes eyes, perfectly shaped eyebrows furrowed. "*slap me again!*"

"shhh," steve laughs, pushing billy playfully as his own towel slides off his shoulders and billy grips at the towel around his waist, his other arm still decorated with tiger stripe venetian blind jewelry, the hand at the end of it coming up to rest on steve's bare chest again.

steve breaks the bracelet off and gives him another slap, laughing as billy pretends to gasp as if he's in the throes of ecstasy.

"steve," billy says, mouth wet and open, "*spank me again—*"

it was a freudian slip and they both know it, but suddenly neither of them are laughing. in a split second of decided confidence, steve grabs the arm with the bracelet on it, using his other hand to move up the same arm and push billy harshly by the shoulder so that he's

facing away from steve, his chest slammed against a row of lockers. steve does it so fast he doesn't realize billy's hair swings and a thin line of water droplets fly horizontally through the air, hitting steve and all either of them can hear is the squeaking of wet feet on tile floor until suddenly billy's towel is being yanked down and steve's hand is coming down on his ass cheek so hard that the blonde has to put both arms out and brace himself against the lockers and a satisfying wet slap echoes through the locker room.

this time billy really moans, catching him off guard, and steve has to bite his lip to stop himself from doing it again, right there—

—but steve doesn't have any clue what delayed gratification is, so he does it anyway—

—and this time billy's shoving his ass out until it's almost touching steve's (still) unbuckled belt, and he's got his hands splayed out on the lockers and steve's whole face turns a new shade as he does it one more time, this time hitting the other cheek with a loud smack.

“*mmmm*, didn't know you had it in you, pretty boy,” billy purrs.

steve's breath is starting to become labored, the prospect of going back to his place long forgotten. “billy, you're so fucking hot. do you want me to— do you want me to talk to you? should i say something dirty, should i tell you what to do—“

billy turns all the way around and steve sees his face and billy looks wrecked already, a light flush on his cheeks, wet hair plastered to his face and neck, mouth hanging open, red lips wanton and he looks at steve and he says:

“nobody tells me what to do, harrington. but i'm telling you i want you to *spank me*.”

steve feels a chill down his spine and shudders, wondering how he can feel simultaneously like cold liquid and burning stone at the same time.

“okay,” he says, his voice cracking like a fucking twelve-year-old.

and then he grabs billy by the waist, spinning him around so that

steve's back is to the lockers and billy's back is to steve again. and he shoves billy down by the top of his shoulders until he hears billy's knees hit the floor obediently (admittedly, it's one of his favorite noises). and then, before steve knows what's happening, he has a hand on billy's spine and he's shoving the other teen over the bench between the lockers, until billy's stomach is pressed to the fake wood finish. billy's hands find leverage on the edge of the bench and the hand on billy's back moves upward until the blonde bends, pliant, so that his body is horizontal and his ass is facing steve, who's leaning now, over billy, his eyes raking over billy's figure, admiring the muscles in his arms and back while billy waits, breath hitching as steve's hand trails the opposite way down his spine toward the two little indents above the curve of his perfect ass. god, steve could make a religion out of that ass. or a sacrifice.

steve's right hand comes down with another hard, wet *smack* and he can already see the tanned skin there become angry and red and he hears billy moan obscenely loud and fuck, he wants billy so bad

*smack*

he thinks about how they've been in such similar situations under different circumstances, how he's literally had billy on top of him pummeling the shit out of him

*smack*

he thinks of billy on top of him their first time together, how he fucking rode steve fast and hard until steve screamed, the most bone-shattering life-changing orgasm ziplining through his whole body, through every neuron

*smack*

he thinks about billy during the game in those fucking green shorts pushing him to the ground and

*smack*

billy sauntering up to him in the hallway with those shirts wide open smiling wide and tongue between his teeth

*smack*

the things billy's tongue does to him that nobody has ever done, not even nancy could compete with a blowjob like that and

*smack*

how billy is so fucking mean to him sometimes but then other times he's so fucking sweet and

*smack*

steve loves how billy's on top without being on top, giving directions while being submissive, it makes steve feel like a king again

"fuck, steve, fuck, don't stop," billy breathes between gasps and groans.

*smack*

how could steve even think of telling anyone anything when their story is too long, too complex, too fucked up, too uniquely theirs?

"love it when you call me steve," the brunette says mockingly, and billy just moans in response, seemingly getting off on steve's voice alone, which sends steve reeling in his own fucking arousal. billy's definitely going to bruise after this.

"we have to get out of here, billy," steve says, voice dripping with sex. "someone could find us. we're being really loud."

steve's glad he left his belt unbuckled because he's so hard it hurts and when billy turns around to face him and (finally) kiss him and the kiss is wet and loud and hard and he can feel how hard billy is, too, he can feel billy, naked, against his briefs.

"billy," steve says, taking billy's face in his hands.

billy's eyes are glazed over, mouth ajar.

"billy."

he blinks his long eyelashes, eyes still unfocused, breaths short and fast.

“we have to go home. come on, get up. i want this much as you do.”

“what do you want, steve?” billy asks lowly, coming down from his high, hands coming up to thread in steve’s damp hair, mussing it around. steve would usually complain, but he hasn’t even put the spray in yet.

“i want what you want, billy. come on,” steve says, biceps lifting billy’s arms, now threaded around steve’s neck, billy a dead weight pressed flush against steve as they stand.

“i want you to fuck me,” billy breathes, eyelashes fluttering, dark lips moist from kissing.

“i—uh—yeah, i want that, too, so, uh, let’s get out of here—“ *smooth, harrington. smooth.*

he grabs billy by the wrist, trying to drag his boyfriend (can he call billy his boyfriend?) back to where the towel was dropped, back to where billy’s clothes are thrown in a locker, and his hand catches on hard plastic.